

## On Snogging Steve Harrington by ohmybgosh

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**Summary:**

Billy and Steve have a library date AKA my attempt at a Hogwarts AU

# On Snogging Steve Harrington

## Author's Note:

- For [flippyspoon](#).

Idk man this just happened. This is for flippyspoon because of all the Hogwarts Au head canons, and because I'm way too nerdy about HP. I feel like Billy and McGonagall would get along? And Jonathan might be in Gryffindor? And Steve would also be Quidditch Captain? I always had a head canon when reading HP that the Quidditch and Prefect badges had their house representatives on them and were animated like the paintings, so yeah I had to add that :)

Tell me what you guys think! And if anyone wants more of this let me know! I have a vast well of Harry Potter knowledge that mostly goes unused lol

“Remind me why I agreed to this again?” Billy grumbled. Their footsteps echoed through the mostly deserted corridor.

“Because you secretly want to snog him?” Nancy supplied, absentmindedly adjusting the Head Girl badge pinned to the front of her robes.

“I don’t!” Billy snapped.

“Bullshit.”

“He’s terrible,” Billy groaned. “Flaunting around like he owns the whole castle. Just because he’s pureblood and he’s good at Quidditch or *whatever* . And that’s only because his parents bought him a Firebolt, Nance. Stupid Steve Harrington and his stupid pretty face. Everyone knows he’s slept with half the school. Harper told me he got it on with the whole Slytherin team.”

“Well there’s you first problem, listening to Harper,” Nancy scoffed. She stopped, right in front of the library, turning on him and jabbing

her pointer finger at his chest. "And, as someone who has slept with Steve Harrington, I resent that insinuation."

"I didn't mean you." Billy crossed his arms over his chest. Nancy and Steve were an item all Sixth Year (Billy flat out refused to go to Hogsmeade with them and made gagging faces at Nancy across the Great Hall when she sat at the Hufflepuff table with Steve, sharing toast and making doe eyes at each other). They broke up the summer before Seventh Year.

Nancy said it was because she had rushed into things and realized she didn't love Steve as much as he loved her. But Billy had a nagging suspicion that the break had been spurred by Jonathan Byers, a fellow Seventh Year Gryffindor, whom Billy admitted he rather liked. Jonathan lived in the same county as the Wheelers and Nancy spent a lot of time there over the summer. Nancy was a sucker for the silent, mysterious type.

"Those rumors aren't true. Steve only slept with Harper, not the whole Slytherin team. Apparently Harper got weird so Steve stopped pursuing it." Nancy jabbed him again. "And don't you dare make fun of him for it, Billy Hargrove."

"Merlin, Nance, ok." He held up his hands defensively.

"Max said you talk about Steve a lot," Nancy remarked.

Billy bristled. "Max doesn't know what she's saying! I *never* talk about Harrington."

Nancy rolled her eyes at him. "Yes you do. You do all the time. Sometimes I wonder why you weren't sorted into Ravenclaw, but then you go and say stupid things like that." She tapped his forehead and he swatted her hand away. "You Gryffindors are only ever thinking with your -"

"Heart?" Billy suggested.

"That's not what I was going to say, but sure." Nancy shook her head in exasperation. "Anyway I've got to go. Jonathan, Mike, and I are trying to teach Will to fly. Poor nervous kid's never been on a

broomstick.”

She paused, smiling fondly at him and reaching up flick on of his blond curls, that’d fallen loose from the band he used to tie it back. He liked it long, but it got in his eyes, which was annoying during class, so he borrowed Nancy’s or Max’s hair ties to keep it out of his face.

“Your hair’s getting so long. It looks nice.”

“Thanks, Nance.”

She gave him a wave as she walked off, tossing her blue and silver scarf over her shoulder. “Good luck! See you at dinner!”

Grumbling to himself, Billy shouldered his book bag and stepped into the library.

It was mostly empty - it was the first sunny day they’d had since Christmas break, so the majority of students were outside enjoying the sunshine, enchanting snowballs to pelt after their friends or bundling up to fly while the sky was clear. A handful of students remained indoors; Billy recognized two of Max’s friends, Lucas Sinclair and Jane Hopper, giggling in the corner outside the Restricted Section. They were charming paper airplanes to zoom across the room, trying to hit Madam Pince while her back was turned, throwing themselves to the ground when she spun around, scowling.

Billy found an empty table in the Potions Section and set his things down. He tapped the table lamp lazily with his wand and it flickered on. He pulled his Transfiguration book from his bag. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms over his chest, waiting.

Nancy was a tiny bit right, he admitted. He surprised himself when McGonagall asked him to help tutor the Head Boy, saying “yes” before she finished talking. He told Nancy it was because he was almost on McGonagall’s good side; that she was going to like him, he could feel it. But it was mostly the other reason, the one Nancy mentioned.

He'd spent too many nights recently waking up at 3 AM, painfully hard after a pleasant dream about Steve Harrington, angrily punching his pillow back into place and staying up for another two hours, refusing to jerk off just to spite Steve, even though Steve had no idea.

He glanced at the clock overhead. It was five past three now. He'd sent an owl two days ago, telling Steve to meet him on Friday at three exactly.

At ten past he finally heard two familiar voices and braced himself for impact.

"Steve, just let me sit near you, it'll be fine."

Steve's voice sounded strained. "Dustin, no, for the hundredth time this is a private study date. It's for N.E.W.T.s; it'll bore you."

"A date?" Dustin Henderson, another one of Max's friends, piped up.

"Not like that," Steve said quickly.

"Well what am I supposed to do then! Will and Mike are flying, Max is in class, and I can't -" He let out an excited squeak. Billy heard Madam Pince nearly squawk in anger.

"Sorry, Pince," Dustin said hurriedly. "Nevermind, Steve, I found them. Have fun on your date!"

"It's not a date! *Sorry*, Madam, I'm sorry."

Billy heard the footsteps getting closer and he closed his eyes briefly, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Hey," Steve said, softly, much closer now. Billy opened his eyes.

Steve stood in front of the table, shuffling foot to foot awkwardly.

"You're late," Billy said.

"I know, I'm sorry. Couldn't shake off Dustin." He gestured behind himself, where he'd left Dustin with his friends.

“Whatever.” Billy flicked open his Transfiguration book. He looked up when Steve still stood, biting his lip awkwardly. “Well sit down. Unless you expect to study like that.”

Steve sat hurriedly, across from Billy at the small table.

Steve pulled out a roll of parchment, ink, and a quill, unfurling the parchment and dipping his quill into the ink, posing it above the parchment and looking eagerly at Billy.

Billy lost his nerve for a second. Steve brown eyes were bright in the lamplight; he swear he thought he saw them sparkle. A lock of his long brown hair fell across his forehead. Billy fought the urge to lean forward and brush it away. Stupid Steve Harrington, he reminded himself. Stupid Steve Harrington with his stupid pretty face.

“So,” Billy said, cutting off his own thoughts. “McGonagall said you were struggling with Conjuring and Vanishing.”

“Yes.” Steve nodded vigorously and another thick lock of hair joined the first. Billy licked his lips.

“I don’t have a problem with the physical magic,” Steve continued. A spot of ink dripped from his quill, blotting the parchment. “I’m not bad with the spells -”

“I know,” Billy murmured. He had Charms with the Hufflepuffs the last two years. Steve wasn’t bad at all with spells. He was actually very good once someone showed him how. It was just the textbook stuff, the laws behind magic that he struggled with.

“Right, sorry.” Steve’s cheeks colored. “I’m just having trouble understanding the rules involved.”

He rubbed the back of his neck. Billy got a strange feeling that Steve was embarrassed. Around Billy? He couldn’t be. Not perfect, golden, pureblood, Head Boy Steve Harrington.

“Alright,” Billy said. He flipped to the first few pages of his book, forcing himself to focus on the words. “Vanishing and Conjuring is beginner stuff, but it can be difficult to understand, by the nature of it.”

His shoulders relaxed a little and his heartbeat slowed the tiniest bit. This was his comfort zone.

“Let’s start with the preliminary rules.”

Steve scrambled, dipping his quill in his ink and scratching away on his parchment. Billy had to admire his enthusiasm.

“The first thing you need to understand is the difference between objects’ existence,” Billy continued. “A Vanished object is something that already exists. A Conjured object is something that only exists for a short period of time.”

Steve, hunched over his paper, stopped scribbling and glanced up, his brow furrowing.

“Does that make sense?” Billy asked.

“Not completely,” Steve mumbled.

“It’s confusing.” Billy flicked the textbook closed; he’d barely glanced at it anyway. “Hand me your badge.”

“My badge?” Steve straightened, confused, glancing down at the Head Boy badge pinned to his robes, right beside his Quidditch Captain badge. “Which one?”

Billy suppressed the urge to roll his eyes. “Doesn’t matter, it’s just an example.”

Steve hesitated for a moment, debating, then carefully unpinned his Quidditch Captain badge and set it on the table between them. The black badger did a somersault beneath the gold letters.

“A Vanished object is something that truly exists. Like your badge.” Billy picked it up, running his thumb over the metal surface. The tiny badger stuck its tongue out at him. “This badge was made out of real gold. Not by magic. With me so far?”

Steve nodded.

“Good. So, if I Vanish this - ” He did so, flicking his wand, casting the

nonverbal spell. The badge disappeared. Steve sucked in a sharp breath through his nose. “The badge is gone. But it’s not really gone, it just goes into non-being. Which is technically everything.”

Steve looked bemused.

Billy waved it off. That part wasn’t something they needed to know for N.E.W.T.s. It was something McGonagall said during class at the beginning of the year, something he had to know more about, so they discussed it in her office over tea and biscuits.

“That part’s very confusing, and not that important for you to understand. Essentially, what you need to know is that I Vanished your badge, but it’s not really gone, it’s just not here right now. And I can Conjure the exact badge back.” He did, and it appeared in the palm of his hand with a small *pop*. The badger ran frantic circles around the smooth surface. Billy set the badge on the table.

“This is your exact badge,” he said. “This is the real badge. But if I were to Conjure a badge for you it wouldn’t be *your* badge.”

He demonstrated, twirling his wand and Conjuring a Quidditch Captain badge from thin air. “When you first look at it, it seems like your Quidditch badge. But look closely, you’ll notice the differences.”

Steve picked up the Conjured badge. “It’s too light. And the color’s a bit off.”

“Exactly.” Billy smiled without meaning to. “When you compare it to your badge, you can tell it’s not right. That’s because Conjured objects don’t really exist. They are the best imitation of a real object that magic can offer. Conjured objects have faults. For one, they don’t exist for long. After a time, this badge will disappear. Conjured objects are also more fragile than real objects; they tend to break a lot easier.”

“So,” Steve said slowly, examining the Conjured badge, tapping it with his finger. “Vanished objects truly exist, and you can bring them back. And Conjured objects don’t really exist.”

“Generally, yeah.”



Steve looked up, his brown eyes meeting Billy's blue. "What if you Vanish a Conjured object?"

Billy smiled again. Steve was smarter than he gave himself credit for. "That's a good question. If you Vanish a Conjured object, it really is gone. You can Conjure another object, and it can look exactly the same. But it's not the same Conjured object. It's just another imitation of a real object."

"I think I understand." Steve pulled out his wand and tapped the Conjured badge. It disappeared. "So that's gone forever."

"Exactly right."

Steve smiled slightly. He picked up his real Quidditch Captain badge, pinning it back to his robes.

"Nancy told me you'd be difficult," he said after a moment.

Billy bristled.

"You're not difficult," Steve finished.

"I can be, if you'd prefer it." Billy crossed his arms in front of his chest.

"I don't." Steve looked down at his hands.

"Well -" Billy began after a long moment.

"Can I ask you something?"

"You just did."

Steve frowned at him. "I mean, another thing."

"Go for it."

"D'you still hate me?"

"Yes."

Steve's face fell and Billy sighed. Steve's eyes got round and his lower

lip pouted just the tiniest bit when he was sad. Billy hated it, because it made his heart flutter in his chest and it made it hard to swallow.

He sighed again and bit his thumbnail, a nervous habit.

“Fine, I don’t hate you,” he grumbled.

Steve didn’t look convinced. “You glare at me from across the Great Hall all the time. And last week you wouldn’t stop laughing when Tommy put the flobberworm down my shirt.”

“That’s because it was hilarious.”

“Is it because of me and Nance?” Steve continued. “Because it’s not awkward between us, well, I mean, it’s a little awkward but she’s been really nice about the whole thing, and I’m over it, I am.”

“It’s not that,” Billy mumbled, moving from his thumbnail to his pointer finger.

“Is it when you punched me third year? That was so long ago, and I already said I was sorry -”

“It’s not that,” Billy repeated, snapping this time. It had been that incident, for awhile, that the time after a Quidditch match their third year, when Gryffindor lost to Hufflepuff, and Billy, annoyed with himself for playing badly that round, had goaded Steve, shouting at him when his back was turned, “Hey, Harrington! How much did mummy and daddy pay to get you on the team, huh?” And when Steve spun around, his face bright red, he shouted back, “Not as much as your muggle dad paid for you to come here!” Billy snapped, charging forward, chucking his wand over his shoulder and punching Steve square in the face. Steve fell flat in the mud, raising his hands in surrender, but Billy kept punching, wanting to knock Steve’s pretty teeth out, because Steve had no idea, no idea at all how hard Billy’s dad tried to keep him away from Hogwarts, how hard his dad tried to beat the magic right out of his son. Billy would’ve knocked Steve’s teeth out, if his teammates didn’t pull him away, flailing, Professor McGonagall’s voice ringing out through the rowdy Quidditch pitch “*Never* would I expect such barbaric behavior from one of my own students!”

Billy had been proud of himself back then, but he was different now, four years older and a tiny bit less hot-headed. Steve was different now, too.

“Then what?” Steve pressed, leaning forward, his elbows resting on the library table.

This close, Billy could smell Steve. He could smell that stupid cologne, the expensive muggle kind that Steve wore everyday, a mixture of musk and something sweet, like honey or vanilla. The first time he realized the smell he sulked for a week. It was in sixth year, in Potions when they were brewing Amortentia, and Billy smelled his mom’s perfume that he salvaged when his dad went on a cleaning spree, and he smelled his favorite drink (muggle hot cocoa), and he smelled a strange musky sweet smell that he didn’t understand until dinnertime that day, when Nancy joined him and Jonathan at the Gryffindor table, and Steve stopped by for a visit, leaning in to kiss Nancy, his shoulder brushing against Billy’s. Billy hated himself, because that was Nancy’s boyfriend, and that also was Steve Harrington.

Billy blinked. Steve’s smell was as intoxicating as a love potion.

“It’s because, because,” he started, stumbling over his words.

“Hm?” Steve leaned in a little more; so close now.

Billy licked his lips.

Oh, fuck it.

He met Steve in the middle, one hand closing above Steve’s elbow and the other finding its way to the back of Steve’s neck, his fingers curling in Steve’s thick brown hair.

Steve froze for a moment, a brief second where Billy lost his nerve and tried to pull back.

But then Steve sighed. His whole body seemed to sigh, a pleasant thrum, and he pressed forward, kissing Billy with as much, if not more so, enthusiasm as he had with studying.

Billy pulled away first, panting. He'd snogged a fair share of people but he'd never been kissed by anyone like Steve. Steve was an excellent kisser.

Billy should've seen that coming, because what couldn't Steve Harrington do?